UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
Associate Editors

A World Ethic

By CURTIS W. REESE

Who Reads Scott?

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Story of When De Valera Came to Town

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Devil's Errand

By REGINALD A. REYNOLDS

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Prayer

In Memory of Sir Walter Scott

St. Giles Cathedral was packed. Scotland had organized perhaps the greatest religious service that has ever been held in honor of a Scotsman. The service expressed the homage and love which all Scotland today feels for the man who created the modern conception of Scotland. . . . Her love for Sir Walter was expressed in one of the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard in any church:

"We remember with grateful hearts," said Dr. Norman McLean, "Thy servant Walter.

"For all Thy gifts so freely bestowed upon Thy servant; for the parents who taught him Thy truth and Thy fear; for the love of his realm and this State wherewith Thou didst inspire his heart; for the harvest of beauty Thou didst enable him to garner from hall and field and sea; and for the loveliness which he unfolded to eyes aforetime blind.

"For his love of all noble and heroic deeds, and his reverence for the Saints who died to the world that they might live to Thee; for that he only strove to make men think of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are of good report. For that, through him, the fame of this our land has gone out throughout all the earth; for that Thou didst support him in labor, and didst uphold him amidst the trials and difficulties of this mortal life, never leaving and never forsaking him; and for that, in the fullness of the years, Thou didst release him from the frailties of the flesh and didst lead him to green pastures and by still waters."—*H. V. Morton,* in the London *Daily Herald.*

Imprisoning Women Patriots in India: Two Reports

(1) By Mira (Madeleine Slade), Gandhi's English disciple and friend.

Since my release from prison, I have been continually asked what I feel about the treatment of our women prisoners in jail.

To put it briefly I would say the treatment of our "C" Class women political prisoners (the vast majority are "C" Class) is exactly the same as that of the lowest criminals, only with more harassing and bullying thrown in.

Here, in Arthur Road Jail, I was put, for the first two months, in a yard with 30 to 40 "C" Class political prisoners, so I had an excellent opportunity to study their conditions.

I myself had been given "A" Class, but there being no "A" Class accommodation for women at Arthur Road, they put me in this yard. For the first night I was locked up in the barrack with the "C" Class prisoners, and the thing I at once noticed was that they lived in continual fear of insults and bullying from the matron on duty.

(*Continued on page* 127)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1932 Number 8

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Now comes the question: Who pays for it all? The system of plundering each other soon destroys all that it deals with. It produces nothing. Wealth comes only from production, and all that the wrangling grabbers, loafers, and jobbers get to deal with comes from somebody's toil and sacrifice. Who, then, is he who provides it all? Go and find him and you will have before you the Forgotten Man. You will find him hard at work because he has a great many to support. He has to get out of the soil enough to pay all his taxes, and that means the cost of all the jobs and the fund for all the plunder. The Forgotten Man is delving away in patient industry, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting his vote, supporting the church and the school, reading his newspaper, and cheering for the politician of his admiration, but he is the only one for whom there is no provision in the great scramble and the big divide.

Such is the Forgotten Man. He works, he votes, generally he prays—but he always pays—yes, above all, he pays. He does not want an office, his name never gets into the newspapers except when he gets married or dies. He keeps production going on. He contributes to the strength of parties. He is flattered before election. He is strongly patriotic. He is wanted, whenever, in his little circle, there is work to be done or counsel to be given. He may grumble some occasionally to his wife and family, but he does not frequent the grocery or talk politics at the tavern. Consequently, he is forgotten. He is a commonplace man. He gives no trouble. He excites no admiration. He is not in any way a hero, or a problem; nor notorious, nor an object of sentiment; nor a burden; nor an object of which social capital may be made; nor an object for charitable aid and protection; nor the object of a job; nor one over whom sentimental economists and statesmen can parade their fine sentiments. Therefore he is forgotten. All the burdens fall on him, or on her, for it is time to remember that the Forgotton Man is not seldom a woman.

—William Graham Sumner.

"For this relief much thanks."—How ineffably delightful to realize that the presidential campaign is over, and that we can now turn to our newspapers with a chance of reading something that is important and honest. Our mind goes back over a good many campaigns, to 1896 and beyond, but we can remember none so stodgy, windy, and frankly hypocritical as this campaign which has just come to its silly end. We may be wrong, but it is our conviction at the moment, none the less, that Franklin D. Roosevelt set the low-water mark of all time in his speeches. From the beginning to the end of the campaign he sought to please all voters by supporting the desires and prejudices of all without regard to consistency or even honor. In the East he clasped Barney Baruch and Vincent Astor to his bosom; in the West he hailed Senator Norris as blood brother. Always evasive, never straightforward, all things to all men, Roosevelt showed himself the shiftiest and shallowest candidate the nation has seen in a half-century. Even his reputation for intellectuality is gone, for this highly cultivated man talked glibly on all questions and revealed an understanding of none. As compared with such an opponent, Mr. Hoover loomed up as a very paragon of wisdom and virtue. Yet his interminable speeches were little more than the cumbersome apologies of a beaten and discouraged leader. He enumerated with almost endless iteration his attempts to stem the torrent of depression (and their failure!), but showed not a glimmer of understanding as to what has really happened and what must be done about it. Only Norman Thomas, the Socialist, did campaigning worthy of the name. Partly because of his own essential intelligence and character, partly because of his freedom as a candidate who need consider no possibilities of election, principally because of the basic soundness of his Socialist philosophy, he moved throughout on a high level of public leadership. But even he could not save the campaign from its utter futility. The air laden with the clamor of multitudinous speakers vaporing partisan platitudes and pomposities, his one voice was seldom heard. American politics, like American business, has gone bankrupt.

The support given to the Communist Party in the recent campaign is surprising not so much in quantity as in quality. The "Reds" will not only get a large vote, but have enlisted the allegiance of impressive men. When Lincoln Steffens, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Edmund Wilson and others of like character and standing uphold the Communist cause with ballots, it means something. One naturally asks why such men do not give their support to Norman Thomas and the Socialists. This Party represents the same cause of radical change, and at the same time uses methods more democratic, sensible, and just. But do the Socialists mean business? That is what these men want to know, and what at present they very seriously doubt. And why shouldn't they doubt? Look at the record of

the Socialists (Social Democrats) of Germany! They were in power for years after the establishment of the Republic, but the new nation remained a perfectly safe, sane, and respectable bourgeois society. Survey the story of the British Labor Party! Twice in office, this Party never so much as lifted a little finger to bring in the promised new regime. What about individual Socialists—Briand and Millerand in France, MacDonald and Snowden in England, Spargo and Benson in America—how quickly and surely in any crisis they become innocuous liberals! And what about the Socialist Party in this country today? Is it anything more than a progressively reform organization? The best thing in sight without any doubt—indeed, the only thing in sight in the American political field, apart from an out-and-out revolutionary group. But all too ready to adjust, as see the abject surrender to the liquor crowd, and all too ready to "pull the punch," as see the attitude toward confiscation. No, it is not surprising that ardent and impatient spirits are turning to Communism. And we count it a healthy thing for Socialism that at last it has a pace-maker.

What has happened in New York should have its interest and moral for all people everywhere. After a year and a half of effort, the fight initiated against Mayor Walker by the City Affairs Committee was crowned with the triumph of the mayor's voluntary retirement from office. The heaviest weapon in this fight, the one that struck the mortal blow, was the Hofstadter Committee whose investigation of city departments conducted by Judge Seabury laid bare the worst mass of corruption on the part of the Tammany machine that has been seen since the days of "Boss" Croker. It seemed as though the citizenry must be aroused, and the full victory of the reform forces would be a certainty. Then things began to happen. Mayor Walker's successor, Mr. McKee, an honest and fearless man who attempted at once to put the government of the city on a new basis of clean administration, was promptly repudiated by Tammany. A deal was arranged between the Democratic and Republican machines on the terms of which the Chairman of the Hofstadter Committee, a Republican, was given nomination for a judgeship in the Supreme Court, in return for Republican support of a Democratic nominee for the same bench. Then Tammany nominated a typical wheel-horse for the vacant mayoralty office in City Hall, and the Republicans responded with a party hack from Brooklyn. Meanwhile, the city's credit went smash in mid-October, and all budget matters fell into the hands of Wall Street bankers, whose position as brokers of unsaleable city securities was impregnable. Now the Tammany nominee, Mr. O'Brien, has been triumphantly elected in succession to "Jimmy" Walker, and the situation is as it was in the beginning, or perhaps somewhat worse. What to do in a predicament of this kind is hard to say. How to keep up one's courage is equally hard to say. One lesson at least is plain—that the enemy in New York City is not Walker or any other person, but Tammany Hall—that behind the Hall is the "system"—and that a part of the "system" is the Republican organization. A bi-partisan combine of plunder has the community in its ruthless grip.

We have serious doubts about the "share the work" campaign now under way in this country. Indeed, let us be perfectly frank and say that we have no use for it at all. In essence it is nothing in the world but an attempt to throw the burden of unemployment relief upon the shoulders of those least able to bear it—namely, the workers themselves. For what does this "sharing the job," or "spreading the work," mean? Why, obviously, that the working time of the ten, or the hundred, or the thousand men already busy in the factory or office shall be cut down a half or a third, and a half or a third as many new men be taken on to fill out the appointed schedule. All of which is very fine to the extent that, under this plan, many idle men and women are given at least part-time jobs, and thus rescued from the engulfing flood of unemployment! But who is paying for these new hands with whom the old hands share their work? Do the employers keep these old hands on their full-time wages, and pay the new hands out of their profits or dividends? Not a bit of it! The new hands are paid by deducting from the wages of the old hands that portion of their income which corresponds to the portion of time distributed to the unemployed. What we have here, in other words, is a gigantic attempt to solve the problem of unemployment by putting everybody on part time—and part payment. It's a system not so much of "spreading work" as of spreading starvation. And the worst of it is that, in appearance, it is a perfectly just endeavor to meet a terrible exigency. For it's a rationing system, isn't it—a dividing up of what resources we have, so that everybody may enjoy a proportionate share? But in this case "everybody" is not rationed. On the contrary, the whole class of employers, stock-holders and the rest, are still receiving their full share of income, and only the workers are dividing up. In other words, as we said at the beginning, this "spread the work" campaign is nothing in the world but an attempt to throw the burden of unemployment upon those least able to bear it. So we are opposed to the whole idea.

We have been thinking a lot lately about this Manchurian-Manchuko affair, prompted, we imagine,

by the much-discussed Lytton Report. What has suddenly struck us is the identity between this affair and the Belgium episode of 1914. In both cases we have a helpless country and people set upon by an invading military power in violation of solemn treaty agreements and on pretext of considerations of practical necessity. What we do not have in these two cases is any identity, or even similarity, between the reaction of the world in 1914 and in 1931. It is easy to recall what happened in the former year when Germany invaded and conquered Belgium. The world outside of Germany was horrified. England was so aroused by the violation of treaties that she at once called her citizens to arms and plunged the nation into the war already joined by continental powers. As time went on, other nations entered the fray against the Kaiser's Empire, with the rape of Belgium as the favorite excuse. At last, in 1917, the United States was persuaded to take the plunge, with Belgium well in the foreground of anti-German propaganda. Now contrast all this with what happened when Japan raped Manchuria not as an incident of warfare against another country, but as a direct and deliberate attempt to seize and annex much coveted foreign territory! What happened, do we say? Nothing happened! That's the whole point. During months of fighting and bloodshed, ending at last in the supreme horror of Shanghai, Japan worked her will on helpless China, making scraps of paper of most sacred international accords, and not one of all the great powers so much as lifted an eye-brow, much less spoke a word of protest. Manchuria was infinitely worse than Belgium in the number of civilians involved, the horror of the occupation, and the complete triumph of the conquest. Yet the world even now does not stir! Of course what matters is that in the Great War Britain, later America, wanted a first-class excuse for destroying a first-class imperial rival—and Belgium came beautifully to hand. All the moral talk in 1914 and later was only so much "bunk." Today—well, it's different! So Japan does what she pleases.

That invaluable little paper, the *Arbitrator,* brings us a piece of news that seems incredible. It is vouched for, however, by no less a body than the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, London, one of the most important and responsible organizations devoted to the fight against war. The news to which we refer is the fact that, as late at least as April 28th last, Sir John Simon, head of the British delegates to the Geneva Disarmament Conference, was the owner of 1,512 shares in the Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., which is a concern said to have a virtual monopoly of supplies for munitions, poison gas, and explosives. This ownership according to the announcement of the Union of Democratic Control, is revealed in records in Somerset House, London. Comment on this disclosure is hardly necessary. Its significance is so obvious that even a child might understand. The only thing we would emphasize at this moment is the fact that this is nothing new. The involvement of such a man as Simon, at the very time when this man is discussing disarmament on behalf of his government, is perhaps a bit sensational. But the general situation of private profits in the manufacture of arms and ammunition closely interwoven with public problems of disarmament and peace, is as old at least as the last years of the last century. It was revealed again and again the days before the Great War. Two lessons are obvious. First, the manufacture of arms and ammunition, so long as we tolerate such things, must be taken over by government, and all private profits therefore eliminated. Secondly, our delegation to disarmament and peace conferences must be made up of genuine pacifists, and not of generals, admirals, and practical statesmen. Incidentally, we cannot refrain from noting that one of the original founders of the Union of Democratic Control was J. Ramsay MacDonald.

A World Ethic

From the point of view of culture, ethics must be thought of as the group evaluation of behavior and customs. But a certain form of behavior may be regarded as good in one group and as an evil in another. This has often been commented upon. Montaigne once said:

> Nothing in the world varies so greatly as law and custom. . . . There is no extreme which has not been accepted by some nation as common custom.

And Pascal wrote:

> There is hardly any idea of justice or injustice which does not change with the climate. Three degrees of latitude reverse all jurisprudence. The Meridian decides the truth. . . . Wonderful justice which is bounded by a river. Truth on this side of the Pyrenees, error on that.

A savage is reported to have said, in reply to a question as to the difference between good and evil, "Good is when we carry off other people's wives; evil is when they carry off ours." This is not unlike the current nationalist feeling that good is when we win a battle; evil is when the battle is won by the enemy. So when we begin thinking on a world scale, we find it necessary to re-examine our standards of conduct and, in doing so, we find that most of them are narrow, selfish, and inadequate; that they are arbitrary, unnatural, and other-worldly.

A world ethic would judge all conduct and customs by their contribution to the fulfilment of man's needs,—all of his needs, health, material goods, security, new experience, recognition, esthetic satisfaction. That is to say, conduct and customs should be judged by their contribution to human well-being and

to the enrichment of the human estate. Such a standard cuts under and rises above racial, national, and religious standards.

The following may be considered as fundamentals of a world ethic:

(1) Moral values have their basis in the human setting. It is not necessary to dig for them in pre-human experience. Nor to condition them on a super-world order. Some systems of ethics have been founded on so-called natural law; others on abstractions, such as the good, the true, and the beautiful; and still others on the arbitrary will of a super-being or beings. It is our contention, on the other hand, that right and wrong, good and bad, are based on human nature and are valid only in the human setting. Viewed in this way, ethics stirs its dry bones, takes on flesh, sends blood coursing through its veins, and becomes a vital concern.

(2) Moral values are relative to human needs. They grow out of human nature, social experience, and the interplay of man and the world. The values of a world ethic will be created in the human effort to meet human needs. Not an ultimate standard, but human need will be the criterion of moral judgments. We will be loyal to our ideas of value, of right and wrong, not in order to measure up to arbitrary standards but in order to promote human satisfaction. A world ethic will mobilize law, medicine, education, economics, and technology for the satisfaction of human interests on a world-wide scale.

(3) Moral values are experimental. There is no shortcut to valid ideas. There is no code that is a final authority. Ancient laws, whether given by Hammurabi, Moses or Manu, however good they may have been in their time, have no binding effect today, except in so far as they meet the test of modern, experimental living. However ancient and honorable a supposed value may be, its failure to meet the experimental test is its doom.

(4) Moral values are tentative. This is a hard saying. Many people find it difficult to hold moral ideals in such a way. No doubt there are hazards involved, but no permanent moral gain is made by encouraging people to regard as ultimate, ideals which belong only to specific persons in specific settings. It is unwise for any of the people to be fooled any of the time about the fallible nature of their deepest convictions and their most cherished ideals. We live in a growing world where change alone is constant.

(5) If moral values are of the human setting, if they are relative, experimental, and tentative, it follows that no authority is to be regarded as final. Indeed, authority as such has no moral significance. When exercised by state, school and home authority should aim to make itself unnecessary. Otherwise, it has no more moral force than a fence around a zoo. The authority of custom may and often does become a tyranny. Mankind moves from authority to authority, forever trying to find a better way of life.

All of which is to say that modesty on the part of any people toward its ethical code is a virtue greatly in need of cultivation. With increasing contact of cultures will come greater tolerance of difference in standards. And both modesty and tolerance on the part of peoples and nations and religions are essentials in the building of world culture.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Jottings

Bishop Fisher's recent book on Gandhi, "The Strange Little Brown Man," has been banned from India. It can neither be printed, published, nor imported in that country. Thus do the evidences of the blessings of English rule in India multiply!

Olympic victors in the old Grecian days were carved into marble statues. Olympic victors in these modern days are put into the movies. Thus does civilization advance!

Governor Roosevelt is not in favor of the "bonus"—until at least the Government has a surplus in the treasury. But then in the same speech he declares that the miraculous tax on beer will produce this surplus. So he is in favor of the "bonus"! Ladies and gentlemen, let us introduce to you Mr. Facing-Both-Ways!

"Fears Wild Economy
Candidate Denounces Reckless Thrift."
World-Telegram (New York)

This is a timely warning. If this mad orgy of saving continues, this country may soon tumble into a dreadful period of financial and business collapse.

Sir James Jeans, the eminent British scientist, states that, as measured by the time-clock of the stars, humanity is a baby three days old. This explains a good deal!

Ironies of Circumstance: (5)—that white Americans, pledged to the principle that "all men are created equal," have twelve million Negroes in their midst to prove whether they mean what they say.

J. H. H.

Who Reads Scott?

Sir Walter Scott, who died one hundred years ago this year (September 21, 1832), was a poet, a novelist, a short-story writer, an historian, a biographer, an essayist, a dramatist, a balladist, a critic. He won fame, fortune, and a multitude of readers in these widely different literary roles. His production was as remarkable for its variety as for its abundance. The sheer mass of output in the thirty years from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (1802) to "Count Robert of Paris" (1832) is unparalleled in English literature not only in bulk but also in range. Others have written as many poems, still others as many novels, but no others as many poems and novels and innumerable other works besides. Scott could never have hidden his identity as the author of "Waverly" and its successors had he not been writing all the time under his own name more books of another character than any one man could seem to handle. The year 1822, which witnessed the publication of "The Pirate," "Halidon Hill," "Macduff's Cross," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," and certain comparatively obscure and lesser works, was perhaps the *annus mirabilis* of this amazing life.

Now a hundred years have passed since Scott flooded the world with his writings. With the passing of this century, accompanied by more changes in habits, customs and modes of thought than any other century known to history, what of all his stupendous literary product is left? How many of the innumerable novels, plays, poems, essays, biographies, histories which came from this tireless pen are preserved, or even remembered? Who reads Scott any more?

I

It must be conceded at the outset that certain of Scott's writings are gone for good and all, so far as reading is concerned. In this respect Sir Walter has suffered the fate of all writers, even the greatest. A new and complete edition of John Milton is now being published by Columbia University in many volumes. How many persons, even students, will ever open more than two or three? I own an edition of Francis Bacon in twenty large volumes. To the best of my recollection, I have never opened but two, and one of these two but rarely. On my library shelves are the "collected works" of Carlyle, Ruskin, Thackeray, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton, James Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles Sumner—some of these editions running to thirty and even forty volumes. How many of the shining titles are anything more than epitaphs recording the names of the dead within? Most of the works of even the greatest writers pass with them, or with their age. Only a few supreme writings of any century actively survive. The masterpieces of Sir Walter Scott are no exception to the rule.

Thus, Scott's plays, written hurriedly, never produced, seldom read, have long since died. Indeed, it may be said that they never lived, but came into the world still-born. Only the "Doom of Devorgoil" was important, and that only because it chanced to contain in its second act the immortal song, "Bonny Dundee." It is true that these dramas, five in number, are still piously printed in all standard volumes of Scott's "poetical works." But if any guardian muse should disclose that a single one of them had been read during the last fifty years by any other than a grubbing student, I should be astonished.

Scott's essays also have gone. There are many of these, and all are mines of rich and curious information. I have always found them interesting, at times fascinating. But they are the lore of a forgotten age. Almost none of them, either in subject or treatment, can offer attraction to the average modern mind. Nothing can save such works to later generations of readers but the abiding stylistic brilliance which characterizes the essays of Macauley, or the philosophical insight and poetic form which ennoble the essays of Emerson. But of such qualities Scott's pieces reveal not a trace.

The biographies written by Scott have suffered a different fate. Of these the most famous, of course, is the "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," published in nine volumes in 1827. This story of the world's most famous man, only recently dead, written by the world's most popular author, was a "best-seller," the literary sensation of its day. It is a work of immense proportions and of much dramatic power. But written too near the event, at too great speed, under the distracting pressure of anxieties and necessities incident to Scott's financial catastrophe, and redeemed by none of the erudition and little of the epic grandeur of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," for example, this "Life" was soon superseded, and now survives as a mere literary curiosity. Sir Walter's biographies of Dryden and Swift, however, are books of permanent value and distinction. Composed as introductions to his famous editions of the writings of these two authors, the "Lives" at once superseded all that had gone before, and remained for three generations the standard works of their kind. Today, of course, they have themselves been superseded, and I suppose are seldom read. But I went through the "Swift" in connection with my reading of Van Doren's recent biography of the Dean, and found it a bolder, richer narrative, if a far less authoritative and discerning psychological study.

In the historical field Scott attempted serious work, but this can hardly be said to have been successful. It was only when he undertook something not serious at all, at least in the scholarly sense of the word, that he wrote a work of enduring charm, the first among the writings of Sir Walter which I would here declare are still being read. I refer of course to his delightful "Tales of a Grandfather," more particularly to the first series dealing with his own well-beloved

". . . Caledonia, stern and wild."

In a way, these "Tales" are not history at all! They are perhaps rather of the *genre* of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." Yet they record the annals of Scotland's days with much accuracy, and with a charm and vigor which raise the narrative to a level of distinction. Like many another immortal book, the "Tales of a Grandfather" had its origin in the heart of an adult as touched by the love of an innocent and eager child. As Lewis Carroll told his Wonderland stories to Alice, so Scott told his stories of Scotland to his adored grandchild, Hugh Littlejohn, the son of his eldest daughter, Sophia, and her husband, Lockhart. Persuaded to set in order and reduce to writing what had sprung so spontaneously and fondly from his inner spirit, Scott published the "Tales" as one among the flood of books which poured from his pen in the

closing years of bankruptcy and feverish money-making. Immediately it became one of the most popular of all his works, and has remained so to this day. The later series on England and France are mere echoes of the first, and are no longer read.

II

But all these writings, abundant and various and in some cases distinguished as they are, sink into comparative obscurity before the blazing light of the poems and the novels. Even the poems are insignificant when matched with the vast and glittering pageant of the immortal "Waverleys." It is primarily as a novelist that Scott looms today among the supreme literary giants of all time, in rank with Shakespeare, Goethe, Hugo, Dickens, Balzac and Tolstoy. Yet are his poems remembered in their own right, and many of them still gladly read.

In discussing Sir Walter's poems, it may be well to amplify what was said above about the passing of the most of any author's literary productions with the passing of the author himself. Books die, in other words, as men die. Yet, if a man be great enough, his books will be remembered, even though they be not read. By this I mean that a novel, or a poem, or an essay, may continue to be published not as a source of delight to new generations of readers, but as a monument of literature, an event in the history of letters, a deposit of evolving genius. What has been produced, or even touched, by greatness is not easily allowed to pass into oblivion. As we preserve the fragments of a great sculptor's chisel, so we preserve the same fragments of a great writer's pen. This is the explanation of the "complete editions" referred to above. But how little of all this work, even in the case of authors who have been creative influences in their own time, and are still living realities in ours, how little, I say, is actually read by the people! Thus, in the realm of English poetry, Marlow, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Johnson, Cowper, Shelley, Wordsworth, Browning, are living names, and their writings remain easily accessible in modern volumes. But who today reads "Tamerlane," "The Faerie Queen," "Paradise Regained," "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Vanity of Human Wishes," "The Task," "The Revolt of Islam," "The Excursion," "Fifine at the Fair"? In the same way "Rokeby," "The Bridal of Triermain," "The Vision of Don Roderick," "The Field of Waterloo," are remembered and dutifully published, even perhaps curiously scanned now and then, because they came from the magician-hand of Scott. But few read them. Indeed, is any of Sir Walter's verse, apart from a few famous rhymes like

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"

read at all?

To this the answer is easy. Scott's lyrics, even though all else lies "mouldering," like the "Harp of the North"

"On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,"

remain among the most beautiful and therefore imperishable gems of our English literature. Palgrave included thirteen of these pieces in his original "Golden Treasury." More were added in later editions of this famous and widely read anthology. All anthologies since this standard example have included Scott's songs among their choicest items. Van Doren, sifting the literature of all times and places in the finest and critical of sieves for his "Anthology of World Poetry," could not exclude from his rigorous winnowing Sir Walter's ineffably lovely, "Soldier Rest, Thy Warfare O'er." These lyrics are nearer in quality to the songs and lyrics of Shakespeare than any pieces of their kind. They are the pure distillation of all that was most natural, happy and spontaneous in Scott's essential poetic genius. "Proud Maisie," "County Guy," "Allen-a-Dale," "A Weary Lot Is Thine, Fair Maid," "The Maid of Neidpath," "The Cypress Wreath," "Coronach," "Where Shall the Lover Rest," "Brignal Banks," "Pibrock of Donald Dhu," "And You Shall Deal," these are as fresh and lovely as when they were first written, and even more widely read. Their soft and perfect music is no longer lost today in the "big bow-wow" of the larger works which overwhelmed Scott's contemporary public! And to these, of course, should be added certain of the ballads which are Sir Walter's most spontaneous contribution to English letters. In any ten or a dozen best ballads in our literature would have to be included "Elspeth's Ballad," and two or three others of Scott might well dispute a place. There is an unmistakable quality of timelessness in these shorter pieces. One cannot imagine an age when they will not be read.

But what of the narrative poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake"? One may best ponder these in comparison with the host of similar poems which clutter up the literature of the nineteenth century. Byron's "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," Southey's "Thalaba," "Kehama," "Madoo,"—these, and others of the kind, are now so defunct that even the form itself disappeared until revived by Masefield in our time. To name such works is the quickest and surest way to recognize the unquenchable vitality which still inheres in Scott's greatest narratives in verse. Where all others have passed, "Marmion" and the "Lay" remain. These two, and "The Lady of the Lake," are read regularly in schools and colleges, not because they are traditional classics, but because, as a teacher in a New York academy has just told me, "The young people adore them." And adults adore them too—adults not utterly sophisticated and cynical, but still happy in something of the glowing romance of their youth! This word, "romance," reveals the mystery! Scott's best narrative poems are the essence of pure romance, as this lived and poured as a very fountain of joy in one of the sturdiest, "worthiest," most honest and natural of souls. Romance is out of style in our time, as it must be in any disillusioned time. But it is an essential ingredient of human nature at its best. And so long as there is youth in the world, and age that perpetuates youth, these poetic romances of Sir Walter will be read and cherished.

IV

There remain the novels—the incomparable "Waverleys"! Save only the thirty-seven dramas of Shakespeare, there is no such glorious pageant in all our English tongue as the twenty-seven novels of Scott. Ranging from the period of Sir Walter's own life to the dim ages of the first crusades, from the familiar hill and dale of the Scotch border to the mountains of Switzerland and the deserts of Palestine, these stories have unsurpassed variety and sweep of interest. Their scenes are a swift and splendid panorama of action—tragic, comic, and always dramatic. Their characters are a vast company of souls—a swarming

population of kings, queens, princes, nobles, captains, chieftains, bishops, monks, hermits, priests, preachers, lawyers, merchants, clerks, soldiers, sailors, smugglers, highwaymen, gypsies, beggars, peasants, plowmen, herdsmen, Cavaliers, Puritans, Crusaders, Saracens, Jews, Scottish borderers, English burghers. Their personages are more numerous than those of Dickens, and as unforgettable—Meg Merrilies, Dandie Dinmont, Dominie Sampson, Jonathan Oldbuck, Eddie Ochiltree, Dugald Dalgetty, Cuddie Headrigg, Jeanie Deans, Madge Wildfire, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Die Vernon, Caleb Osbaldistone, Claude Halcro, Peter Peebles, Meg Dods, and the great historical figures, Montrose, Claverhouse, Balfour of Burley, Richard, Saladin, Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, James I, Louis XI, and the Pretender. As stories these novels lack art and philosophical insight, and wrestle with no basic inner problems of human life. They are always carelessly written, and often badly composed. They have all the ponderous qualities of the old-fashioned, elaborately detailed "three-deckers." But their narrative interest is unfailing, and their drama, of character as well as of event, is of epic intensity and grandeur. As sheer inventions of a single mind in a space of less than twenty years, they represent an unparalleled achievement. No such rich, abundant, splendid world had been seen in literature since Elizabethan days, nor has it been seen since. Abounding with life, filled with the gusto, gaiety, sheer exuberance of one of the most wholesomely vital souls that ever lived, the Waverley Novels created an epoch, and extended and sustained this epoch by quickening in other creative minds a literature of succeeding years which, bearing not Scott's name, was none the less his own.

But are these novels read today? Some of them are not. As ten or a dozen of Shakespeare's plays are no longer opened by modern readers, so an equal or larger number of Scott's novels are no longer opened. But many others survive, as only the greatest of any novels of the past survive. No book so transient as a novel! How many of the stories of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, George Eliot, even George Meredith and Henry James, are ever read today? "Tom Jones," "Henry Esmond," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Westward Ho," "Silas Marner," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"—these, perhaps, and a few others. And chief among these others are the living favorites of Scott!

An inquiry on this point recently addressed to certain of the leading public libraries of the country elicited, with one exception, the unanimous opinion that Scott is still being read. Most of these replies indicated that there was no marked decline in interest and use through recent years, and one reply registered an increase. An examination of the titles chosen by readers—"The Talisman," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Quentin Durward"—revealed the "required reading" phenomenon in our preparatory schools and colleges. But a definite fringe of other titles—"Guy Mannering," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Anne of Geierstein"—indicated a voluntary selection, quickened perhaps by what had been "required." The question as to the popular ranking of Scott among classical novelists who were still read at all, drew from several librarians a single reply—Dickens came first, Scott a good second, Thackeray a bad third. George Eliot, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade were not mentioned. Evidently Scott's novels are far from dead. "I fancy that it can easily be proved that they are constantly read," writes Hugh Walpole in his glorious omnibus volume of selections, just published in England under the title, "The Waverely Pageant," which should find an eager welcome.

V

One book remains—a book which has a surer touch of immortality, perhaps, than any other on the overwhelming list of Scott's writings. I refer to the "Journals"—the living witness of the fact that the noblest story Sir Walter ever conceived was that of his own life. The gay glory of his prosperous manhood, followed by the dreadful catastrophe of his declining years borne with such steadfast and uncomplaining heroism, is a saga which will never die. Men will turn to it whenever they would remind themselves of the irony of human fortunes, and of how this irony may be endured by the pure in heart. Whether Scott was himself the author of his own tragedy is now in this centenary year being widely debated. The answer matters little. It is how the tragedy, when it came, was met and conquered, that alone counts—and this counts, and will ever count, so high in the reverence of men, that "Scott" is an almost sainted name.

It was on the eve of the years that brought to the Laird of Abbotsford the loss of his fortune and property, the death of his wife, the passing of his little grandchild, and the long labor that broke his mind and at last took his life, that Sir Walter began the systematic writing of his diary. Was it an unconscious premonition that prompted him to this task? Nobody knows! But, thanks to whatever impulse, we have the record, written from out the tortured heart by the hasting hand. It is a tale of sublime nobility and beauty. Whatever of Scott the writer may pass away, this "Journal" will endure as a revelation of Scott the man. And it will be *read*, for each new generation will discover for itself that such a man cannot be known too well, nor touched too often. Among all the autobiographical testaments of history, I would rate this "Journal" first.

Such are the "reliques" of Sir Walter Scott one hundred years after his death, one hundred and thirty years after the publication of his first important work. Genius, after all, has a way of defying time—and critics!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

What Price Peace

They sit in little circles in the room,
It may be Robert Long's or anywhere;
Waiting for trays . . . a message from one whom
They knew so long ago and still does care. . .
A worn old phonograph reels out a song
"Pack up your troubles" and so on "and smile."
Some sing; some jest; pretend that nothing's wrong;
Have courage to forget a little while.

For one sits always in an old wheel-chair;
Another has one arm and bandaged face;
One jibbers foolishly, then turns to stare
At a blind man who fumbles 'round the place.
Gaunt shadows of the men they hoped to be;
Grim spectres of a useless tragedy.

BLANCHE CUMMINS HOEFFER.

The Story of When De Valera Came to Town

[From Our Special Correspondent]

The coming of De Valera to Geneva was not by design, but by accident, or Providence it might be called. Note, he did not come to the Disarmament Conference, but to the Assembly of the League for its 13th annual meeting. According to the rule of rotation, it was the turn of the Irish Free State to occupy the chair—so De Valera, being head of that State, fell heir to the chair. He did his work well—so well that even his neighbors across the Irish Sea praise him. Contrary to form, he did not hand out sticks of taffy. He offered the first public prayer heard in the League meetings during the year,* and perhaps in its history. It might well be engraved over the portal of the new building—for De Valera will doubtless rise high in human history. He spoke some plain words—which were not so severe in criticism, save in contrast, as I shall show. His address as President was received without applause, but the lobbies got to buzzing afterwards, and the editorial bells in London, Paris, New York were set ringing, and naturally the Irish press had a week of jubilation.

De Valera is really "some person!" In my last letter I was praying for a Moses. Instead, a De Valera came. It is quite possible that an Irishman can scare the Anglo-Saxon into action more effectively than an Israelite. He is tall and awkward—reminding one easily of Lincoln—is alert, has a big fund of humor behind a serious face, dresses in a 100 per cent black "Prince Albert" coat. He has all the looks of a "notable."

His speech not only rang the editorial bells of London but touched off a lot of orators of the Assembly, to reply to his criticisms of the League—for, in Geneva, one runs the risks of the Apostle Paul in Epheus, where they were accustomed to chant "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Among those orators of the Assembly who were "provoked" to come to the defense of the Idol of Geneva were Hughes of Australia, Motta of Switzerland—besides Herriot and Cecil, of whom I shall speak, to point a moral.

De Valera's address to the Assembly was received without applause, as I have said. I doubt if this meant much disapproval. He is not a flaming orator, like Herriot, and the address was read in a mild manner, and at the close he passed rather swiftly and mildly to business matters. There was no climax, to provoke applause—and De Valera suggests the parson, in his solemnity. Here are a few things he said:

> There is on all sides complaint, criticism and suspicion . . . People are saying that vital international problems are being shelved, postponed or ignored . . . that there is little more than lip service . . . that a hand sufficiently strong can smite with impunity . . . that resolutions cannot satisfy the general demand for effective action.
>
> In the economic field also the time has come for action. The whole basis of production, distribution, finance and credit requires complete overhauling.

The address was certainly not revolutionary, hardly that of an agitator. It was the "Voice of the Outside" calling the attention of the League to a few patent things. It did for the League what the Big Field Day, on February 6th, did when the "World of Man" spoke. But the impression of that day seems to have gone, save in the show-cases which keep the petitions in preservation.

The address gave a reason for a dozen speeches on the next two days. Notable were those of Herriot and Cecil.

Speech of Herriot. My mind went back a year ago to the Trocadero Peace (?) meeting, sponsored by Cecil and presided over by Herriot. He was not then Prime Minister. He is an able man, bold in action, and cool. Everybody listened intently. The photographers were busy. His address was read, but applause broke forth many times. He commands attention on any subject. He did not say much in his speech that would solve the German situation, nor bring about disarmament. He was harking back to De Valera's speech. He said:

> The people are having a bit of pessimism. They are inviting us to turn our thoughts to action. . . . We must remember that the barbarity of war is as old as the human race itself. . . . It should no longer be possible or permissible to contemplate the horrible solution that is found through war. There are many signs of activity that show the fruitfulness of the League. . . . France is still determined to work for the success of the Disarmament Conference and the maintenance of peace throughout the world. . . . We must endeavor to settle those age-old problems by which the world has so long been tormented. The League has been working to suppress secret diplomacy, and also that system under which small groups of Powers directed the affairs of the world.

Herriot's speech was an "excellent sermon, well delivered." It might have been a different one if, at the hour of its delivery, the German Foreign Minister had not been traveling to Berlin, an incident confirming my conviction that disarmament to be effective must be total, thus implying security and equality.

Speech of Cecil. Robert Cecil is an exceedingly interesting man, with many sides. The first time I saw him in action was at the horse-shoe table of the Council of the League, looking after the interests of the world as Britain's representative. At one time he was acting as a kind of god-father for the birth of Irak into organized society and the League. At another time, showing interest in Liberia! He sat next to Soto, of Japan, when the Council was permitting the Far-East situation to drift into rocks and whirlpools. (I felt at the time that if I could read what was in Robert Cecil's brain I should know what the British Empire was driving at.) . . . Later, on February 6th, I saw him on the tribune of the Disarmament Conference, representing—not his government—but the Peace forces of the world, and as President of the International League of Nations Societies—Britain alone having one million members. A year ago I had seen him in Paris, in control of the Peace Congress, which was preparing for the Disarmament Conference, when plans were laid for Peace Propaganda world-wide, for a campaign at Geneva during the Conference to see that right kind of news was sent out from Geneva, the right kind of education was conducted in Geneva, the right kind of people were placed on the jobs. He is the head of the most powerful peace organization for education and propaganda in the world. . . . And now he is standing as the delegate of Britain in the Assembly, head of the delegation, while Simon is in London, during Cabinet repairing. He is a combination such as only Britain produces. He is pious, and can lead

*"Go gcuidigh Dia sinn san ard obair ata romhainn agus nar leigidh Se riamh go dteipeadh orainn. (May God assist us in the exalted task before us and may He not permit that we should fall)." Prayer of De Valera, at close of address.

in prayer in the Cathedral. He is an aristocrat and could not understand the workers. In his final reactions and ultimate judgments he is British, with a modest hope that what's good for Britain will be good for mankind—and the reverse. He has a tender heart, and would be glad to read that no more men will be killed in war. Personally believing in democracy, I wish he might drop his titles, for I believe the full peace that he works for cannot be obtained while we have a caste system.

And now what are some of the words that he uttered?

> Pessimism about the League is not justified. . . . Mr. De Valera has made an extremely valuable and interesting speech.
>
> The main charge against the League is that it talks, but does not do anything. . . . There *is* something amiss; it is with the *members* of the League. There is a diminution in the will to peace.
>
> *If* the Covenant of the League had been applied in the case of Bolivia and Paraguay, in the case of Japan and China, in the case of France and Germany, we should not have had to deplore the embittered annals of the past year.
>
> One great test is whether we are sincere in our will to peace? Are the nations really willing to disarm? Every nation can disarm if it chooses, and the nations can all agree to disarm if they choose to do so. Are the nations really in earnest?

My reply to Cecil's question is: "The nations *will* not because they *cannot* as long as they bring their arms to the Conference tables!"

What is his proposal? As much as any man he has created the proposal going under the name of "Budapest," May, 1931, and revised in Paris, July, 1932, by the League of Nations Societies. It is in general the Plan pushed by Peace people all over the world. In brief it is: *"Reduction of not less than 25 per cent*—spread over five years. *Welcomes Hoover Proposal* as facilitating disarmament. Taking the Defeated Powers as *guides to reduction* of armaments. Setting up of a *Permanent Disarmament Commission.* Vague mention of Germany's demand for equality.

What do I say about this proposal? First, it is about as good as any of the kind. Second, the demand for a Permanent Disarmament Commission is forever popping up. Why a Commission before there is any treaty to enforce? A Commission of this kind might become one of man's greatest menaces. I say, *go slow here.* Third, this plan *cannot* be obtained, for reasons I have given—and, if secured would not bring peace to the world. Lastly, and I am thinking of America, Britain, France, this plan would make these three nations *comparatively stronger in a military aspect than they are today.* It might save money. But would that be disarmament even if secured? Would that bring peace? We must be frank—as long as these three nations are using bombing airships to massacre natives, are keeping vast stores of ammunition over the world—to talk about disarmament of the nation comes to a farce.

One word about Japan. I have a high regard for the Japanese. I lived in Seattle twenty years, and know them. I am persuaded that Japan would follow these three nations in disarmament, as far as they sincerely led—even to the point of total disarmament! A quarter of a century from now will *be too late.* What I have *said of Japan is equally true of Russia.* Leadership in complete disarmament should be assumed *right away* by these three nations, before it is *too late.*

We must thank De Valera for bringing forth these two spokesmen from France and England. They are a good team. They resemble Moses and Aaron. They could lead the race out of Egyptian bondage to the Promised Land of Peace, to which the door of Immediate Total Disarmament swings wide open. Nothing prevents it but *want of faith.*

Herriot and Cecil! God calls you to the high mission of standing forth for Immediate Total Disarmament! It is a divine call and will not come again!

You are leaders! You must lead the people in penitence over the sin of war. Listen to no proposal that lacks moral adequacy, which will lead the people back to the low plane where history will repeat itself as after the great War a century ago. The people need *leaders of faith.* They have been losing their enthusiasm for peace since last February. The call is to you! Remember, that nothing will adequately meet the case that is immeasurably below the Sermon on the Mount, which is

The Natural Constitution for the Government of Nations.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Geneva, Switzerland.

The Devil's Errand

It is written that on a certain occasion the Devil, who has been called the Model of Industry (that is to say both of the industrious and of the industrialist) devised a very excellent plan for the better government of His Kingdom.

Taking with him a flag of truce, he presented himself suddenly at the gates of Paradise and demanded admittance on an errand of peace. He was allowed permission to enter on condition that he would abstain from all political activities of a clandestine nature, and with due formality was soon after presented to the Most High.

"I have come," began the Prince of Darkness, "on an errand of peace." A frown darkened the brow of the Almighty.

"Timeo Daneos, et dona ferentes," he murmured and then added abruptly, "Go on."

The Devil, who prides himself on the perfection of his manners, expostulated gently with a motion of his right hoof against this harsh reception, at the same time giving the Almighty to understand by an indulgent smile that he took no offence. Then he continued rapidly:

"It is surely a pity that two such considerable interests as yours and ours cannot be harmonized—or shall I say rationalized, to use a word much in vogue now-a-days. The problem has exercised my mind considerably in recent years, and not altogether without profit. I have even some practical suggestions to make—the products, I need hardly add, of mature deliberation . . ."

His Infernal Highness made a strategic pause and waited for some indication of the impression he had created. But God was gazing intently at a spider and made no answer. However, it takes a great deal to disconcert a person of good breeding, and the Devil continued as though the reply he expected had already been made:

"It is surely no time to tie ourselves to obsolete

shibboleths. No doubt there was a time in the world's history when it was true that a man could not serve God and Mammon. But, after all, *Tempora mutantur,* and one must admit that circumstances alter cases. A little give and take; a little more broad-mindedness, shall I say . . ." He paused again, but once more his words fell on silence.

"Let us consider the matter from your point of view." The Devil spoke with an air of genial frankness. "Candidly, I cannot see that the present arrangement is greatly to your credit or profit. I have at all times respected you as an adversary and admired your persistence. It has even given me considerable pain to think how much effort and energy have been wasted on both sides. But really, my dear sir, you can claim no considerable advances; a few isolated, if spectacular, victories—a few general improvements in particular aspects of human ethics—and what more is there to say? You know as well as I do the reactions that generally follow any dramatic successes on either side; and progress has proved extremely deceptive."

There was silence, and God still watched the spider.

"But let us consider another aspect of the question. What is our quarrel really about? You have always professed to stand for righteousness, which undoubtedly has its commercial value; and I am even willing to admit that in the past I may have been a little short-sighted in this matter. But can you really claim that your methods have been very successful? You will forgive, I am sure, a little reference to one or two unfortunate incidents. The Christian Church, for example, was it really well advised from a pragmatic standpoint to set in motion ideas which (however good in themselves) could have such disastrous results in view of the interpretations put upon them by others? Have you sufficiently considered the personal coefficient? It would surely be unreasonable for you to disclaim all responsibility for superstition, persecution, wars of religion, and so forth. I am quite sincere when I tell you that in my opinion such barbarism is entirely unprofitable; and I should be perfectly willing now to co-operate in suppressing anything of this nature.

"Again, in the matter of truth, for which you are believed to stand. Here again, I think I may be able to meet you. I have long been of the opinion, for instance, that honesty is the best policy. But do you consider that what fanatics have called 'the fearless search for truth' is altogether without its moral disadvantages? You must surely admit that in modern times a little learning has often proved a dangerous thing. I do not deprecate the value of wisdom. But the intermediate steps of partial knowledge and experiment are a real menace to civilization. There is modern science, for example—who can tell what damage it may do either in the physical or the spiritual world, before it reaches some sort of maturity? Or again, popular education—what bloodshed will that cause in its embryonic stages? *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit*—but that is a long process; and in the meantime civilization (in which we both have interests) may be wrecked. In India or Africa today, is it really in the interest of peace that people should know the truth? I am speaking very frankly; but I want us to understand one another. I want you to see how genuinely anxious I am to co-operate, how sincerely I desire reconciliation. In the past I consider that considerable injustice has been done me; I have been maligned, and I wish to make my position clear."

There was another pause.

"If you would not consider it rude of me," said the Devil, "I should very much like to ask you what it is you find so interesting about that spider."

"I was thinking," said God at last, "that if one compared a spider with a calculating machine, the latter is more infallible and less carnivorous; but that on the whole I regard the spider as a higher type of life, if you understand me."

"But I *don't* understand you," replied the Devil, irritated at last beyond endurance by such inconsequential flippancy.

"Exactly," said God, "and you never will."

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

The Study Table

Bishop Fisher on Gandhi*

Few men living are better fitted to write about Gandhi and also about India than Bishop Fisher. He has lived in India twenty-eight years, carrying on missionary activities in different parts, and ten years occupying the highest official position connected with the Methodist Church there (Metropolitan Bishop of Calcutta). He has been acquainted with Gandhi personally ever since the return of the latter to his native land from his great career in South Africa, traveling with him, at times living with him, enjoying his intimate frendship and in important ways working with him.

We have many books about Gandhi, several of them valuable. But this work[1] of Dr. Fisher I do not hesitate to place in a class by itself, as *the one* to be chosen if readers confine themselves to a single volume. And for two reasons.

First, because it gives a clearer view, a more definite understanding of the Mahatma (Great Soul) than do the others—answering more distinctly and with less confusion the questions which all thoughtful Americans are asking about him.

Second, because it is a work of greater breadth and wider outlook than any others. From the title of Dr. Fisher's book, one may very easily suppose it to be confined narrowly to Gandhi personally, in the limited way of an ordinary biography. But it is not thus confined. Gandhi is distinctly and emphatically its central figure, and it gives us a thoroughly comprehensive and graphic portrayal of him; but it also reaches out to much beyond him—to his background and his setting; to a thoroughly informing description of the great struggle for the freedom of his country

*This review of Bishop Fisher's book was written and submitted just before the publication of Richard B. Gregg's excellent review of the same book in the July 18th issue of UNITY. As this second review stresses certain points not employed by Mr. Gregg, and as we are eager to commend Bishop Fisher's work again, we publish this gladly.—Editor.

1. "That Strange Little Brown Man, Ghandi." By Frederick B. Fisher. Publishers, Roy Long and Richard R. Smith. New York. Pages 239. Price $2.50.

which he is so devotedly and ably leading; to British rule in India and its evil effects, in impoverishing the country and hindering its normal development; to British, French, Dutch and other imperialisms in Asia and Africa and their evil effect in both continents; to Christian missions, the relation which Gandhi bears to these, and the blighting influence on them which "Christian" opium, liquor, and guns are having in India, China, South Africa and elsewhere; all these subjects and others of living and world-wide importance are treated with knowledge, insight and daring, yet with marked candor, balance of judgment, fairness and justice, in this timely and powerful book.

Space does not allow me to do anything more than mention these wider and larger features of Dr. Fisher's work, important as they are. I confine myself to a few of the striking and significant things he says about Gandhi himself.

1. *Is Gandhi a fanatic?*

Dr. Fisher's answer is: He is an ardent, determined, daring leader in a great and just movement for human freedom; for which he is willing to sacrifice his life. He is not a fanatic, unless Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry were fanatics.

2. *Is Gandhi's spinning wheel a folly?*

Dr. Fisher affirms that it is a thing of great, of almost the greatest conceivable, value to India. Nearly eight-tenths of the Indian people are farmers. Climatic and other conditions are such that during four or five months of each year they cannot work on their little farms. Thus they have nothing to do. By introducing simple spinning and weaving into their homes, Gandhi enables them in those otherwise idle months to almost double their pitifully small incomes. Thus millions are clothed who otherwise could not be, and vast numbers of them are saved from actual starvation. The fact seems to be that no other statesman in the world has rendered such vital, practical help and on so vast a scale to his unemployed and suffering countrymen, as Gandhi has done to the starving millions of India by his spinning wheel.

3. *Is Gandhi a friend to the poor and the depressed classes, the so-called "Untouchables"?*

His spinning wheel sufficiently answers. However, much more is to be said. Dr. Fisher shows that in a hundred ways he has proved himself their friend and helper; that his constant effort is, by education, by giving them the franchise, and in other ways to lift them up to an equality with the rest of their countrymen; that in the past seventeen years he has done more for them than the British Government has done in all its history.

4. *Is Gandhi opposed to progress and improvements?*

Dr. Fisher shows that he believes in these and endeavors to promote them in every department of life, only so that they be *real*. He works for schools and better schools, for better homes, for the advancement of woman, for better methods of agriculture, for social reforms of all kinds, for religion reform, for everything that he believes is calculated to lift up the people.

5. *Is Gandhi opposed to all machinery?*

No. He uses machinery. His spinning wheel is a machine. So is his simple loom. He rides in autos and on railways. What he opposes is the too rapid introduction of machinery, and in ways to exploit and ruin the masses of the people in the interest of the rich, in ways to pile up wealth for the rich. He favors the introduction of machinery if it can be, and in so far as it can be, controlled and made to benefit all the people. What he opposes and seeks to prevent is an India machine-ridden, its higher life crushed and its common people crushed by the machine, as he believes is largely the case in Europe and America.

6. *Is Gandhi opposed to medicine and surgery?*

Yes and no. He is opposed to them much as many intelligent hygienists in America are. He is afraid of their abuse. He wishes to guard the Indian people against ignorantly and superstitiously relying on drugs and medicines, especially quack medicines, as he believes many in the West do, instead of guarding their health as they ought and taking care of themselves as they ought in natural ways. Perhaps he goes too far. He has himself employed surgery and been grateful for its service. He does not forbid others from employing it. There is a system of Indian medicine which he believes is better than the prevailing system of the West. He is himself a great student of natural health conditions, hygiene, sanitation and everything of the kind, and he does all in his power to diffuse knowledge of these among the people.

7. *Is Gandhi a Christian?*

That depends upon what is meant by the word. He does not take the name Christian. But if by Christianity we mean the religion which Jesus taught and lived then, Dr. Fisher holds, he is a real Christian. He is a teacher at whose feet all the churches may well sit and learn lessons of the highest spiritual life.

8. *What is Gandhi's attitude toward Christian missions?*

He is warmly friendly to them, in so far as they seem to him to teach and manifest the religion of Jesus. If they come to India to crush out the native religions of India, he believes they are evil. If they come to recognize the truth in those religions, to supplement it with the truth that is in Christianity, and to cooperate with all earnest and good men and women, to make India's religions and Christianity too, purer and better, then he believes they are a benefit to India.

9. *Is Gandhi a statesman?*

Dr. Fisher believes he is—a wise, not supremely wise, no statesmen are, but a wise, practical and *great statesman of peace*—the *greatest statesman of peace* that the modern world has known.

10. *Is Gandhi a friend of Great Britain?*

Dr. Fisher, who is himself a warm friend of Britain, sees in Gandhi Britain's true friend.

11. *Does Dr. Fisher believe, with Gandhi, that India should have self-rule?*

He strongly believes she should. He points out that she ruled herself for thousands of years before the British came, and was one of the world's most illustrious nations. Why then, he asks, should she not be allowed to rule herself again and once more take her rightful place among the great nations? He insists that she can govern herself better than any foreign nation can possibly govern her. She has able and competent men, better fitted to fill all her official positions, from highest to lowest, than the British or any other foreigners can possibly fill them. To the objection of her illiteracy he answers: "India has more living college graduates than England; she has more students pursuing university education than are in all the Brit-

ish Isles; she has more millions of literates than the total population of all the British Dominions."

12. *When does Dr. Fisher believe India should have self-rule?*

He emphatically answers, *now!* After carefully examining the whole subject, he finds *no ground whatever for any delay.*

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Correspondence

Armistice Day

Editor of UNITY:

Armistice Day is rapidly becoming a day when we pray and preach and work for peace. But it is surprising how many ministers there are still in an intelligent country like America who seem to feel that war is not so evil but that it can be praised a little. We are addressing you believing that you are not that kind. We feel certain that you will dedicate your pulpit to the preaching of peace on November 11.

We ask you to remember a few things. That the average American has no idea what the horror of real war is as the last war touched our country very lightly. That the horror of it must be presented and truthfully told as it far outweighs any glory which may be found in it. That glory is usually found in it by those who stay comfortably at home. That a war in the next few years would be more horrible than anything human imagination can conjure up. And finally that safe and quiet as America may feel, war-clouds are looming large in the European skies. Because of her independence and her safety, America is all too likely to let the rest of the world go by even to the extent of shutting her mind to world interests. The day when such a thing is possible and moral, is past. If Americans will lead now we can have peace in the world in our time. But it will take a great and flaming courage and high ideals.

The World Peace Movement of Women stands unreservedly for total disarmament now as the only means to bringing peace in a world of petty hatred and hot heads. We stand for education that will do away with the inner causes of war, but before that education can be perfected and completed anything can happen, therefore we believe the only thing now is to throw away all possible means for carrying on war.

If every preacher in every Protestant Church in America would say a good word for this most practical step in bringing in the reign of the Prince of Peace whom he professes to serve and love and work for, miracles might happen. We believe in miracles, and in you to bring them about. Will you be one to take this great work upon yourself and to spread it among your fellow pastors? This is a personal matter. It is making the world safe for your son and daughter and for the Kingdom of God.

MARTHA PROVINE-LEACH TURNER.

The World Peace Movement of Women,
Motzstrasse, 6, Berlin W. 30.

Arms Firms at Work

Editor of UNITY:

A pamphlet has recently been published in England which should be known to every reader of UNITY. It is entitled "The Secret International—Armament Firms at Work" and is issued by the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria St., London, S. W. 1, England. Having just received a copy from London, I speak with full understanding of its contents. Anyone desiring a copy should send 20 cents, which would include postage, to the address given. Its price is all out of proportion to the mount and significance of the information it discloses, the value of which cannot be overestimated or overstated.

That is a strong statement but I believe it to be strictly true. For the facts given are of a nature so shocking that, once known, they should arouse the world to such united activity on the disarmament problem as has never previously been manifested in relation to any cause for the betterment of humanity.

In a review of this pamphlet in the October issue of the *New World* Maurice Webb writes: "It is a startling revelation of the enormous tentacles of the armaments octopus and when we consider the restricted and puny nature of much of our peace work it may give us one or two cold shivers. It certainly gave me them, and I claim to be something of a realist. . . . The whole business is a gigantic and nefarious vested interest, depending for its profits (and what profits they are!) on the continuance of war."

In reading this publication one thought that impressed me with overwhelming power was that there are beings in human form who are positive fiends in nature. Perhaps the makers of armaments and munitions and their paid emissaries appear like ordinary persons; but I do not see how they can help being Mephistophelian in looks and behavior.

I beg everyone who reads this to send for a copy of the pamphlet even though it means going without butter on your bread for a day or cream on your cereal! And then, *then,* make your protests against the poisonous, horrible, deadly monster sound till they ring to Heaven and till the evil thing is wiped from the earth!

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

The Depression as a Farmer Sees It

Editor of UNITY:

In Wisconsin, the farmer doesn't ask when prosperity is coming back. What he wants to know is when he can get back on his feet. The depression has been going on now for ten years, for him, and he has just about given up hope. Matters have been considerably worse the last few years but the farmer sees the process as a development of a crisis long in the making and was, in a measure, prepared for it. "Dumb" as he is generally throught to be, he long ago learned some fundamental facts that few others can comprehend.

The farmer is well aware of his place in society. The strength of the city workers lies in their organization. The farmers lack organization and therein is their weakness. Were they as well organized as the labor unions, the depression may never have occurred.

For the first two decades of the century, the farmers of the country enjoyed an unheard of prosperity. The rest of the country shared their luck. We thought the panic of 1907 and the depression of 1920 were bad but we know now that these were little affairs indeed. The growth of America's business was possible only because of the farmers' well-being.

Then after the world war, the value of farm products began to decline. The things the farmer had to buy, however, artificially inflated by high tariffs and restricted competition, pressed him into a corner. For ten years he has seen the value of his land decrease. He has seen the possibility of operating at a profit lessen at an alarming rate. Now that foreclosures are reaching a stupendous figure, he is witnessing the inevitable end of what has gone before.

When eggs go below fifteen cents a dozen at the farm, chickens become a liability. One farmer tells me of buying chicks in the spring and recently selling the roosters at a price approximating sixteen cents each. In figuring the original cost and the portion of the feed consumed during their growth, a total of about eighteen cents is reached. This does not take into consideration the cost of labor expended, housing, interest on the investment, or transportation to the city thirty miles away. Neither does it consider the mortality rate which is always high among young chickens. The pullets or young hens he still has of course, but now that egg prices have gone up to over twenty cents, the laying season is over. Last spring, eggs sold for as little as ten cents a dozen.

Not long ago, another farmer shipped a calf to market. A few days later, he received a letter asking for his check for $1.50 to cover additional charges. He not only got nothing whatever for his calf but had to pay for the privilege of giving it away! For milk, the farmers get about a cent and one-half per quart after carting it to the cheese factory three miles way. This is one of the many cooperative factories in Wisconsin, and the milk price is the maximum that can be given, but thirty miles away in the city, milk retails for eight cents a quart. Transportation, pasteurizing, and bottling plus overhead surely does not take up the balance.

Apples are rotting on the ground and being fed to the pigs. This is cheaper than trying to sell them. Is it any wonder Chicago is asking for $36,000,000 for unemployment relief? The farmers at least, are not going hungry. Their diet is unusually restricted but there is plenty of what they have. One family I know of, for instance, has not had any meat for six weeks. Milk too, is too expensive to drink except in limited quantities for to many of the people in this locality, it is the only source of cash returns.

Life for the farmer is something more than a succession of Innes' landscapes, Sunday newspapers' colored supplements notwithstanding. Cows must be milked twice a day seven days a week. A week-end in the city is impossible for the family. One or two may go but someone must stay behind to do the chores. The popular notion that the harvest time is the only period of real work is the greatest fallacy. Farmers always get up at daylight—in winter they have an hour's work done before the light begins to show in the east. Haying time in June and again in September is just as hard on the back as the August grain harvest. So is corn-shocking which is usually finished before the first of October. Then there is plowing, wood to be cut for the year-round wood fire, stables to be kept clean, fences to be kept in repair, and incidents to sicken the stomach of any city-bred man except the doctor or veterinary. Where I am staying, the young lady bakes eight loaves of bread every other day.

All this has nothing to do with the present depression but it is a sample of what the farmer has to do besides eat and enjoy the sunsets. He has to work just as hard as he ever did and he gets in return little or nothing. His taxes are just as high as they were in the heydey of Republican prosperity and interest rates on his mortgage keep their high level. This is true of the city dweller too, but he was in the running until 1929 or later. The farmer fell behind in 1919 and has never caught up. Seed, farm machinery, food for stock and table other than he could raise himself, lumber, wire and other necessities went up like sky-rockets and have come down only within the last few months.

The psychologists tell us that the search for food is the prime activity of all living organisms. If that is so, the producers of that food are the props of our social order and we rise or fall according to the way they fare. In an inter-dependent give and take society such as ours, no one group can do all of the taking and none of the giving for any great length of time. When the farmers get back on their feet and not until then, recovery will begin.

FRANK DOANE.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 114)

The next day I was removed to a room near by, called the hospital, and the place being too hot and cramped for locking up at night, I was allowed to sleep on the verandha. I was given a small kitchen at the other end of the yard, where I did my own cooking; bathrooms and latrines I had to share with the "C" Class and ordinary criminals, of which there were three, kept for scavenging work and odd jobs. After some three weeks, my room became so unbearably hot that I got permission to remove to the little kitchen which faced the other way and was less hot. Here I lived quite comfortably for the rest of the time in this yard. My neighbors were the three criminals (two thieves and a prostitute) who lived on the same verandha, and were not locked up at night. The political prisoners were locked up from 6 p. m. to 6:30 a. m. and from 3 p. m. on Sundays and holidays. They were sometimes even hustled in at 2:30 p. m.

The sufferings of our "C" Class women prisoners, as I saw them, consist chiefly of endless pin-pricks, insults and harassments. There are not often things which can be called brutal, and so forth. But the sum total of the treatment is thoroughly bad.

A question which has been taken up with the Inspector General, but to which no definite reply has yet come, is that of underclothing. When a lady arrives in the jail, she is denuded of *all* her clothing and made to wear only a heavy coarse *sari* and a loose bodice, no under-bodice, drawers or petticoat are allowed, nor is a sheet of any kind allowed for the bedding, which consists of a straw mat and a harsh woollen rug.

For the rest, the trials consist of mismanagement and delay of prisoners' correspondence (they are supposed to be allowed one letter every three months inward and outward), mismanagement of the prisoners' supplies (at their own cost) of soap, hair oil, etc., abuse and bullying from the matrons, especially at the times of meals and prayers and over the question of the daily task of work, hustling of the so-called 20 minutes interview, allowed once in three months (where possible they only grant these interviews through the bars of a gate, even little children and babies not being allowed to reach their mothers), and general harassing.

At the end of two months, the Jail Committee paid its quarterly visit to our yard, and Kamaladevi Chattopadyaya (who had just joined us as a "C" Class prisoner) and myself put some points for consideration before the members, regarding the condition of the "C" Class prisoners. Within a day or two Kamaladevi and I were separated from the "C" Class prisoners and transferred to another female yard inside the main jail, where we were put together alone in one barrack. Here, the yard being very small and shut in, the heat was great. Also, they took to locking me up for the 12½ hours out of the 24. When asked for, no explanation was forthcoming as to why we had been given this punishment, so we took it to be the usual answer in jails to any complaint.

In this yard the chief occupants were common criminals, and it gave me the opportunity of noticing their treatment. They were not harassed like the political prisoners.

One thing I could not help marking with pain, and that is that there is absolutely nothing done for the mental life and uplift of these unfortunate criminals. They are simply fed and given light work. The warderess in this yard is a young girl of 20 years or so, who is undergoing a 20 years sentence for murder, but she is getting no education and no spiritual food of any kind.

From what I hear, the treatment of our political women prisoners is not so bad in Arthur Road Jail as it is in some other prisons. But it is bad enough!

I do not feel inclined especially to blame the jail authorities for these things; they, after all, have been trained to handle criminals harshly. The fundamental fault lies with the system, and with a Government which can fling hundreds upon hundreds of well-bred ladies into the class assigned to the lowest criminals of the land.

The Government may think that it is crushing our spirit by their policy, but what it is actually doing is to rouse a spirit of burning indignation in the people and to widen the gulf day by day which divides it from the sympathy of the masses.

Mira,

Bombay, 20.5, 1932.

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(2) By Maniben Patel, daughter of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

The female political prisoners are kept with the ordinary criminals in the same barrack and there is hardly one foot distance between each bedding.

The criminals may have come for any sort of crime—prostitution, thieving, and so forth. They may have venereal diseases, their hair may contain lice, they may smell very badly because of not bathing or keeping their persons clean.

The attention of the authorities has many times been drawn to this state of things, but they not only refuse to do anything in the matter but definitely say that it makes no difference to them whether we are criminals or political prisoners. All "C" Class prisoners must be in one barrack. (There are no "B" Class criminals.)

Seventy-seven prisoners with four babies including 15 to 16 ordinary criminals are locked up in this one barrack, measuring 138 ft, 7½ ins. x 18 ft. 6 ins., from 5.45 in the evening to 5.45 in the morning. But still the authorities have not as yet thought it necessary to make any arrangements for extra latrines. There is one latrine in the barrack which has a door which does not close properly and has no latch. There are three latrines outside in the yard for use in the day time. These are built in one line with no door and just a wall standing out in front. Several times the authorities have been requested to have the doors put on these latrines, but nothing is done as yet. With the increase of our numbers, four more temporary latrines have been erected in the yard, but they also have no doors.

"C" Class prisoners are not provided with even one bathroom. They may be sick or having any trouble, but they have to bathe in the open under the

sky without any privacy. The bathing place has a tap at one end of a long, shallow tank with stones on both sides, and 6 to 12 or even more are supposed to bathe at one time in this open space. The authorities have often been spoken to regarding this and the attention of the visitors has been drawn to the necessity of at least one bathroom, but—No bathrooms for "C" Class, has always been the reply.

There is a lot of mismanagement in the handing over of parcels of soap, toothpaste, and such things which are sent from home, or bought by the jail authorities out of prisoners' money at their request. Sometimes the parcel of one prisoner is given to another, sometimes a parcel, though not asked for and not handed over, is charged for on the account of another.

The censoring of letters takes 15 to 20 days, and after censoring the authorities take 4 to 5 days to hand the letter over to the prisoners.

Practically the only difference that can be remarked between the criminals and the political prisoners, if one may give such a simile, is that the treatment of the political prisoners is like that of a cruel stepmother who openly says to them: "Who are you to us? You will go away but they (the criminals) are our own."

In a way a sort of encouragement is given to the criminals to feel perfectly inclined to return to jail by committing some crime or another, while there is a general atmosphere of trying to kill the spirit of the political prisoners by continuous pin-pricks and harassment. (This naturally has the opposite effect.)

If a criminal falls ill, the matron calls for a doctor and sees that she gets medicine. But if anything happens to a political prisoner and a doctor is immediately needed, the matron, if not in a good mood, flatly refuses to call the doctor. It so happened once that a pregnant lady lay unconscious for two hours, but the matron refused to call the doctor, and it was only when the lady had not recovered consciousness, even after two hours, that she called for the doctor.

If a political prisoner and a criminal are both ill and lying in the hospital, the matron, instead of giving each her one medical ration, will take away some sugar and milk from the political prisoner and give it to the criminal over and above her own medical ration.

If for some reason or another, or by mistake, the ordinary ration of a criminal does not come, the matron goes to the gate, gets it brought from the kitchen and gives it herself to the criminal. But if some ration of a political prisoner does not come, she flatly refuses to get it, and even scolds and shouts, crying out "Can't you share amongst yourselves, and what does it matter if a little less comes once in a while?"

The "B" and "C" Class prisoners are all kept in one yard, though not in one barrack. The matron won't allow the "B" Class prisoners to share with the "C" Class, though some of the "C" Class might be ill or needy, but she will be glad to have some of the "B" Class ration given to the criminals.

The difference between the work of the criminals and that of the political prisoners is that the political prisoners have to sweep the barrack and veranda twice a day, clean the vessels which come from the kitchen containing food, wash and clean the latrines, bathing, washing places and tank, and fetch the water for the day and night in the barrack. The vessels which are supplied for fetching and storing water in the barracks are huge cans, which, with great difficulty, two prisoners are able to carry, and sometimes one gets a fall or a sprain in the hand or foot whilst carrying the water. Every week the barrack and the verandha have to be washed, and even all that water is brought by the political prisoners. Though the matron several times has been asked to tell the criminals at least to help in getting this water, she flatly refuses to do so.

The political prisoners, besides the sweeping and cleaning mentioned above, have to sew, make buttons or do whatever labor is given to them, and if the task is not finished in the given time, the matron becomes abusive. The ordinary criminals have only to separate wool, which work they put away after the Superintendent has been on his rounds. For the rest they sweep the yard and do odd jobs for the matron such as washing her stockings and massaging her feet.

During my stay of three and a half months, no lady doctor ever appeared. Twice or thrice we had asked the Medical Officer to call a lady doctor, but he would not agree. However cold the weather might be, he never thought it necesary to provide a prisoner suffering from fever or lumbago with hot water for bathing or a sponge down.

The Superintendent had a peculiar way of agreeing to a thing one week and refusing it in the next.

The long and short of it all is, the prisoners live at the mercy of the whims and fancies of the authorities from top to bottom.

MANI VALLABHBHAI PATEL.
Bombay.

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